

BEYHOOD STORIES

DRAWER 3 YOUTH - /NOV-4-4

712009 OCT 03417

Abraham Lincoln before 1860

Boyhood Stories

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

The Boy Lincoln

BY MARGARET ANDERSON

WHEN a hundred years ago, on February 12, 1809, in a Kentucky log cabin little "Abe" came into the world, probably no one (except perhaps his mother) thought that he was going to grow up into one of the greatest men the world has ever known. But we know that he did; and the youthful reader may well commemorate his birthday this year by talking over some of the things he did when he was a boy. He had so few of the opportunities that we have now, and yet he worked so hard and managed to learn so many things. Out of this apparently desolate life have come to us many good stories about the little "Abe."

He lived in a log house—a very fair kind of log house inclosed on all sides; but his father was so very poor that he couldn't afford to supply many comforts for the inside of the house. For instance, they didn't have enough money even to buy candles to make the room bright when the dark crept on. But they had a big fireplace, built of bricks and taking up one whole end of the room, and Abraham soon found a way to make a light by which he could read and study.

He used to go out and get some logs of dry wood and pile them on the fire; then they would blaze up brightly and shed a strong light over the room. Can't you just picture that little boy lying there at full length in front of the fire, reading over and over the only books he could get hold of—a life of Washington, the Bible, Aesop's Fables and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress?

Night after night he lay there by the fire studying his arithmetic, writing his sums with a piece of charcoal upon a large wooden shovel. You see, the Lincolns were so poor and paper in those days was so expensive that they never thought of buying it; they couldn't even afford to buy pencils; so Abraham used the wooden shovel for a slate and a piece of charcoal picked up from the fireplace for a pencil. He worked so hard trying to "do things" that he began to attract the attention of his neighbors, who came greatly to admire and respect him in spite of his shabby clothes.

One of Lincoln's friends has told this story about the time when they were boys together: "I was very fond of riding with my father to the mill. One very hot day as we drove along the dusty road we saw a boy sitting on the top rail of an old-fashioned rail fence. When we came closer we saw that the boy was reading and had not noticed our approach.

"My father turned to me and said: 'John, look at that boy yonder and mark my words. He will make a smart man out of himself some day. You see if my words don't come true.'"

That boy, of course, was Abraham Lincoln; and he was so busy with his reading that he didn't even notice the farmer with his horses and wagon as it passed. He was just 14 years old when this happened.

Here is a boyhood story related by Alice E. Allen:

"Little Abe hurried home as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting shoes, like yours, he could have run faster. But instead of stockings he wore deerskin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy moccasins of bearskin that his mother had made for him.

"Such a funny little figure as he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm gray homespun. His odd-shaped cap had once been on the back of a coon. The coon's tail flew out behind as he walked—like a funny, furry tassel. But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling blue

eyes of this little lad of long ago, you would have liked him at once. In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold, nor a bag of gold. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would of gold or precious stones."

One of his neighbors had offered him the loan of the volume, and the boy spent his scant leisure in reading it as though his life depended on it. Alas! One night the snow came in through the chinks of the logs, and Abe was almost heartbroken to find that precious book wet from cover to cover, its crisp leaves crumpled and soaked.

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the snowy fields to the kind neighbor's house. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold but only of the book. When he found the neighbor he held out the poor soiled volume, and told his sad little story.

"Well," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work to pay for it?"

"I will do anything," said the little fellow eagerly.

"Well then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind face.

"Then," he said wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the man good-naturedly, "you may have the book; you will earn it."

So little Abe went to work for three days. His back ached as he pulled corn for the cattle, but he was too happy to mind. The book was the story of George Washington.

Lincoln himself has told how he earned his first dollar: "I was about 18 years of age and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs.' People who do not own slaves or land are nobody there; but we had raised, chiefly by my own labor, enough produce (corn, wheat, turnips, eggs and chickens), as I thought, to pay taking it down the river to sell it. After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and had built a flatboat large enough to take to New Orleans a few barrels of things we had gathered. A steamer was going down the river that morning. As we had no docks in those days along the river, passengers or freight for steamboats had to be taken out in little flatboats.

"That morning I went down the river to look over my new boat, wondering whether I could make it stronger or better, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, picked out mine and asked, 'Who owns this boat?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and the trunks out to the steamer?'

"'Certainly!' said I. I was glad to have the chance of earning something, and thought that each of them might give me a couple of 'bits.' (A 'bit' was twelve and a half cents.) The trunks were put on my boat, the men seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer.

"They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each then took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it in the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it a very little thing in these days, and it seems to me now a trifle, but it was an important incident in my life. I could hardly think that the poor boy had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a hopeful boy from that time."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

AT THE FEET OF LINCOLN

RUTH REED, Elburn, Ill.

Ben always considered Abraham Lincoln one of his very best friends and rarely did a week pass that the lad did not visit Lincoln Park, climb on to the high pedestal upon which stood the statue of the great president and looking up into the strong, kindly face try to imagine how it would have seemed to talk to the real living man. He had an idea that he knew pretty well what his hero would have said. Hadn't he been told over and over again the story of the poor little Kentucky lad who had risen from poverty to the presidency of the United States! No tale of adventure had for him half the fascination that he found in the life of the "rail-splitting" president.

But it was not to visit Mr. Lincoln's statue that Ben hurried away from the other boys on a certain Wednesday afternoon. It was for no other reason than that he might silence a very unpleasant voice which kept declaring, "Ben Ruggles, you are a coward." The words were so emphatic that Ben was really afraid the other boys might hear them.

It all happened because Jim Lester, who was a staunch Loyal Temperance Legioner, had been trying to get the boys at school to sign a temperance pledge. They had laughed and made fun of Jim and the Legion and the pledge, and said such things were only for girls and sissies and not for boys and men. Jim, in reply, had cried, "You're every one of you wrong, I know you are, for some of the greatest men who ever lived, and lots of them who are living this very day, have signed the temperance pledge and thought it a manly thing to do. Isn't that so, Ben Ruggles?" Jim had turned and faced Ben as if certain he had one friend upon whom he could depend. Ben's face had flushed angrily. What business had Jim to put him in such an awkward position. He ought to know that Ned Lowell, the rich brewer's son, and Dick Tupper, the son of the brewer's lawyer, were good friends of his and took him out in their father's automobile almost every afternoon. Who'd expect him to take the other side of the question!

But the boys were waiting eagerly for Ben's reply, for he was something of a leader among them. With an embarrassed laugh, he had answered, "O, I don't know. Guess a fellow who amounts to anything can get along without a pledge. Anyway there's two sides to this temperance question." Even the fact that Dick and Ned had slapped him on the back and told him he knew what he was talking about, didn't quiet the

to me if you were really here in flesh and blood. I wonder if you ever had anything to do with bothersome temperance pledges or things of that sort."

"What's that?" asked a gentle voice at his elbow. Ben turned to see a grandfatherly, white-haired man looking down upon him. "You want to know what Abraham Lincoln thought?" he inquired with a kindly smile. "Well, it was my great privilege to know him well, and perhaps I can tell you what he thought about some things. What did you have in mind, particularly, my boy?"

Such a persuasive manner had the stranger, that before long Ben found himself telling the whole story of the pledge-signing conversation. "Of course," he added, "a great man like Mr. Lincoln never bothered with such little things as temperance pledges."

"You think not," said the old gentleman seriously. "That's where you're very much mistaken. He didn't think signing a temperance pledge was a little thing. He signed one when he was just a young fellow, and he kept it all his life, and tried to get others to sign one, and he never lost an opportunity to help keep young fellows from the saloon. Many a young soldier boy has the president's kindly advice saved."

"You don't happen to remember just what kind of a pledge it was Mr. Lincoln signed, do you?" asked Ben with interest.

"Well, I rather guess I do, I carry it with me wherever I go, for it's written on my memory, and I'm thinking it isn't very different from the pledge your friend Jim takes in his Loyal Temperance Legion, only perhaps the words are larger. Would you like to write it down and learn it?"


"Wouldn't I?" replied Ben with enthusiasm. "If you'll help me spell the big words, I'll write it on the fly leaf of my history and keep it, too."

As Ben started for home and looked up into the face of Mr. Lincoln to say good night, it seemed to him that he could see upon it a smile of approval.



Voice that kept reminding him over and over again that he was a coward.

Ben was glad when, at the entrance to the park, his companions left him. Before he realized where he was, he found himself at the foot of the statue. Lifting his cap deferentially, as was his wont, he looked up at his old friend. Perhaps it was only a shadow caused by a passing cloud, but it seemed to Ben that the face wore an expression of grief and reproof. Ben knew it did not, nevertheless he could not put aside the feeling that he must apologize before he could be at ease with his old friend. "I wonder" he mused aloud, "I wonder, Mr. Lincoln, just what you would say



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Friends of The Lincoln Collection of Indiana, Inc.

<http://archive.org/details/abrahamlincolnb00linc>

BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FEBRUARY 12, 1809

in a public school 2-6-16
"BORN February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education defective; profession, lawyer. Have been captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small postoffice. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature and was a member of the lower house of Congress." This is the life of Lincoln—or part of it—told in his own plain and simple way. There is not one of you who cannot

about him, or thought about him; he cared about that tiny voice that comes from the heart—the voice of conscience that says, "Be true to yourself!"

Lincoln understood men; he seemed to be able to look right down into their hearts and see all the good and all the bad, and then bring out only the good. He was kind-hearted and unselfish and never went back on his friends. It is pretty hard to admire a man who does not agree



finish the story—is there? So I don't want to talk to you today about what Lincoln DID—you all know what he did. I want to talk about what he WAS! For what a man does is the result of what he IS—always.

Lincoln was great. With a plain and simple greatness he did what he thought was right, and he was right because he stood for the truth. And he stood for the truth no matter how many stood against him; he did not care what people said

with you; but Lincoln was great enough to judge his enemies justly and without bitterness.

He wasn't afraid to work—you all remember how he tackled his job of rail-splitting. He wasn't afraid to ask questions when he wanted to know something. He never pretended to know more than he did, and he did what he thought was the right thing to do—always. Be honest and true with yourself, for that is GREATNESS.

Gingerbread a Treat to Lincoln Yet He Gave His to Less Lucky Boy

BY FRANCES BLACKWOOD

"GINGERBREAD," someone said recently, nibbling a crumb of that spicy cake hot from the oven, "was Abraham Lincoln's favorite cake—if I quote historians correctly." It made me think about the exquisite delight that must have been Lincoln's when he first tasted gingerbread.

It is doubtful if Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's own mother, ever made gingerbread. We know that on the small farm in Kentucky on which Lincoln lived until he was eight years old, the family eked out a precarious living. Only 14 acres were cultivated—and the nearest mill was three miles away. Abraham Lincoln's father, Thomas, spent most of his time at hunting or carpentering. They lived in a little home more crude even than a cabin. Cooking was as elemental as the home.

When they moved across the Ohio River into Indiana Lincoln's father picked out a spot so tangled with wild grape, spicewood, dogwood and underbrush that you "could stick a butcher knife in it up to the handle," if one is to believe that Lincoln's uncle has been correctly quoted.

Mile to Nearest Spring

That was in December, 1817. Their new home site was a mile from the nearest spring. Going that weary mile for water was considerable labor to Lincoln. But give a thought to what it must have meant to Lincoln's mother.

The house built that winter was a three-sided affair called a "half-faced camp." Mrs. Lincoln's brother came to live with them. He and Thomas Lincoln and the boy Abraham supplied the provisions of wild game. Lincoln's mother and his sister, Sarah, managed the meals over an open fire built in the open end of the camp.

Turkey, deer and all wild game was plentiful. In the summer his father bought some hogs. They used lard to burn for oil for such light as they had. There was wild honey and nuts and some wild fruits in the fall.

But there was little grain. And such as they had must be ground. Indian fashion, between stones—the nearest mill was about 17 miles away. Besides, Thomas Lincoln had no taste for farming—he liked to go hunting. Even carpentering had fallen by the wayside. Their three-sided little house had the fourth side completed—but it had no windows at all and no floor, no table, no chairs.

The next year Nancy Hanks died. After that for more than a year, 13-year-old Sarah Lincoln did the cooking for the four of them.

No Bread, No Milk, No Forks

Meals in those parts of Indiana when there were husking bees, hog killings, house raisings and gatherings, consisted of boiled ham, cooked potatoes, boiled turnips, cornpone and pumpkin pie. But there was no such sumptuous fare for the Lin-

colns. Little Sarah Lincoln had not even forks with which to work. There were no knives except the hunting knives, no bread, no milk, no tea and no coffee for months at a time. She had no stove nor oven. No pot save one and its name, "the cookall," aptly describes it. For in it, quite literally, everything was cooked.

But then came Abraham Lincoln's well beloved stepmother—a widow to whom Thomas turned after Sarah had valiantly carried on for more than a year.

The new Mrs. Lincoln came with four wagon loads of furniture for the little cabin. She had a goodly supply of pots and pans. Moreover, she was a housekeeper of energy and ability, sense and system.

Under her gentle but firm hand life in the Lincoln home took a new turn.

Thomas Lincoln found less time for hunting and fishing. The cabin got fixed up. It boasted a floor, and some windows appeared—and a chimney with a built-in oven, and adequate facilities for cooking. Vegetables were planted and raised. And, oh, happy day, there came a time when there was even "Sum wheat e-nuf for a cake (on) a Sunday Morning."

Young Lincoln Not Finicky

Mrs. Lincoln has said that her stepson was a "modest eater, eating whatever was set before him and making no complaint." Well one can imagine it! Can't you see the tall, spare boy of twelve, coming into the coziness of that well ordered little home, sitting down at the plain table and eating the good plain food his stepmother had prepared? And doesn't the gingerbread story that Carl Sandburg tells in his biography of Lincoln strike deeper than any story of walking miles to return a penny or two?

"We lived," Lincoln says in that story, "in Indiana and once in a while my mother used to get some sorghum and ginger and make gingerbread—it wasn't often but it was our biggest treat. One day I smelled gingerbread and came into the house to get my share while it was hot—" and then, so the tale spins out, he took the three slices that his mother gave him out under a nearby hickory tree to eat them slowly and savor all their goodness. But along came a neighbor boy whose mother didn't make gingerbread. He stood there

and sighed enviously. "I don't s'pose anybody on earth likes gingerbread better than I do—and gets less'n I do." Abe handed two slices over to his friend and nibbled slowly on the third, stretching it out as far as possible to give him the pleasure of three. He was used to walking miles—and being honest—but hot gingerbread didn't come often.

The Story of LINCOLN



Dear Tell-Me-a-Story Lady: I am 9 years old. I am in the fourth grade. I live in Bonner Springs, Kas. My name is Mildred Stotts. I wish you would put in the story of Abraham Lincoln. MILDRED STOTTS.

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN, the great hearted President, whose birthday anniversary comes tomorrow, was a lover of every kind of life. Perhaps little boys and girls were his favorites, but dogs certainly ranked next to them. When Abraham was a long-legged, bare-footed, homely boy one of his favorite chums was a dog. No doubt it was just an ugly, worthless mongrel dog, but it was a friendly companion to the boy who who lived away off in the wilderness.

Once when Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, decided to move farther off into the little known West, Abraham's dog was left behind. The boy did not learn of this forgetfulness until after the family had proceeded a long way and had crossed several streams. His father was in favor of going on without the dog, saying it was not worth the trouble of going back for. But Abraham turned back alone, wading the chilly streams and trudging through the dark, unbroken woods. He got his comrade, and at night made his way to the spot where his folks had camped.

Lincoln had few boy or girl acquaintances, because he spent only a few months at school. There were not many families in the neighborhoods where Thomas Lincoln lived during Abraham's boyhood, not enough to warrant a regular school. Now and then a wandering schoolmaster would come along and teach a few weeks in return for board and lodging. Lincoln's mother knew how to write and spell and was familiar with the multiplication table and she taught her boy what she knew. When he was 14 years old he got a few months of schooling under Andrew Crawford, a man of considerable learning, who also gave lessons in good manners. One of the little girls who attended that school has left us this picture of Lincoln as a boy:

"He wore buckskin breeches, a linsey-woolsey shirt and a cap made of the skin of a squirrel or a coon. His breeches were baggy and lacked several inches of reaching the top of his shoes, thereby exposing his shin bones, sharp, blue and narrow."

Was the Best Speller.

Very likely the better dressed boys and girls made much fun of the awkward, bashful lad. But his mind, if not his body, was much better clothed than theirs. None of them could stand up long before him in a spelling match and he wrote better compositions than any of them. Even when a boy he was a master of simple, exact and very expressive English.

His father was a poor man and hired Abraham out to the neighbors at twenty-five cents a day. The boy had obtained several books and he would read these at night after his chores were done and sometimes he carried them with him to the fields and read them at moments of rest. He liked to chop wood and this gave him very strong arms and shoulders. At one time he went to a settlement known as Clary's Grove where there lived several powerful young men with bad reputations. One of them, Jack Armstrong, challenged Lincoln to a wrestling match. Lincoln consented and was getting the better of the young bully when Armstrong tried a foul trick. Lincoln picked his opponent up in his great arms, shook him and flung him down on the ground. Armstrong, ashamed of his act, got up and apologized and offered his hand to Lincoln. The big hearted Lincoln at once forgave the fellow.

Years afterward when Lincoln had become an able lawyer he saved Armstrong's son from going to the gallows. This happened in Illinois, where young Armstrong was accused of murdering a man. The family, knowing Lincoln, asked him to take the case and save the boy if possible. The evidence was strongly against the young fellow and one witness testified that he had seen Armstrong strike the fatal blow. He said this had occurred at 11 o'clock at night. Lincoln asked him how he could see so clearly at that hour and the witness declared there was a full moon at the time, which cast a light almost as bright as day. Lincoln thereupon produced a calendar and proved to the jury that the moon at the time of the murder was only slightly past its first quarter and could have cast little or no light. The jury acquitted Armstrong.

Lincoln was unlike many lawyers, because he tried to prevent lawsuits. One time a rich man came to Lincoln and angrily demanded that he file a suit against a poor farmer for \$2.50. Lincoln tried to persuade the rich man to drop the matter, but he would not. So Lincoln filed the suit and, of course, won it because the poor man really owed the money. But Lincoln charged the rich man \$10 for his services and out of this sum gave the poor farmer the \$2.50 to pay his debt.

He tried always to keep out of trouble, too, but once the auditor of the state of Illinois challenged him to a duel over some trifling affair. Choice of weapons was given to Lincoln, because he was the challenged party.

Now, the auditor was a little, pudgy man, while Lincoln stood six feet four inches tall. Lincoln did not want to hurt the smaller man, but he wanted to rebuke him for his anger, so Lincoln chose cavalry broadswords of the largest type. Only a very big man could handle these weapons effectively, and a duel between the two would have been a ridiculous farce. Lincoln went to the spot where the duel was to take place and solemnly drew his weapon from its huge scabbard. He felt its edge carefully and then lopped a twig off a tree at an incredible height. The poor little auditor was frightened, naturally, and the duel was called off by their friends who had gathered there.

A Little Girl Won a Kiss.

The picture of Lincoln that shows him with a beard is the most familiar, yet he did not grow his beard until after he was elected President, and then a little girl induced him to do so. She wrote him a letter, saying that so homely a man ought to try to improve his looks. He wrote her a nice little note in reply and took up her suggestion. This little girl was Miss Graco Bedell, who lived in a small Illinois town, and she got a chance to be kissed by the President some months later when he passed through her village. She told him she thought he looked ever so much better with whiskers, and he never shaved them off again.

Lincoln met with many heart touching incidents during the long Civil War. And some of those that affected him most dealt with deserters, poor young fellows who had yielded to a moment of cowardice or homesickness. The military law required that all deserters should be shot, but Lincoln pardoned a number of them, even against the advice of the army commanders.

During one of the hardest battles a young soldier was overcome with fear and dropped his rifle and ran away. After the battle he was caught and sentenced to death. He appealed to the President and Lincoln put the order of death by.

"There aro cases," Lincoln said then, "that you may call by the long title, 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my leg cases. If Almighty God has given a man a cowardly pair of legs he just can't help running away on them."

Lincoln never hated those who fought against the government over which he presided. He knew that after the South had been conquered its people would come back as citizens of the one country, under the one flag. He just considered them people who were honest and sincere in their belief, but mistaken, that was all. He never thought of revenge or punishment. His heart was too big for such things. And the people of the South have long realized that they would have been better off if he great souled Lincoln could have lived and helped to settle the problems and distress that followed the war.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

A Playmate Who Saved Him from Death by Drowning.

The child's life during the time the family lived in Kentucky appears to have been entirely uneventful, says St. Nicholas. He helped his mother after he was 3 years old in the simple household duties, went to the district school and played with the children of the neighborhood. The only one of young Lincoln's playmates now living is an old man, nearly 100 years old, named Austin Gollaher, whose mind is bright and clear and who never tires of telling of the days Lincoln and he "were little tikes and played together." This old man, who yet lives in the log house in which he has always lived, a few miles from the old Lincoln place, tells entertaining stories about the president's boyhood.

Mr. Gollaher says that they were together more than the other boys in school; that he became fond of his little friend, and he believed that Abe thought a great deal of him.

In speaking of various events of minor importance in their boyhood days, Mr. Gollaher remarked: "I once saved Lincoln's life." Upon being urged to tell of the occurrence he thus related it: "We had been going to school together one year, but the next year we had no school, because there were so few scholars to attend, there being only about twenty in the school the year before. Consequently Abe and I had not much to do, but as we did not go to school and our mothers were strict with us we did not get to see each other very often. One Sunday morning my mother waked me early, saying she was going to see Mrs. Lincoln, and that I could go along. Glad of the chance, I was soon dressed and ready to go. After my mother and I got there Abe and I played all through the day. While we were wandering up and down the little stream called Knob creek Abe said: 'Right up there,' pointing to the east, 'we saw a covey of partridges yesterday. Let's go over and get some of them.' The stream was

swollen and was too wide for us to jump across. Finally we saw a narrow footing and we concluded to try it. It was narrow, but Abe said: 'Let's coon it.'

"I went first and reached the other side all right. Abe went about half way across, when he got scared and began trembling. I hollered to him: 'Don't look down nor up nor sideways, but look right at me and hold on tight.' But he fell off into the creek, and as the water was about seven or eight feet deep and I could not swim and neither could Abe I knew it would do no good for me to go in after him. So I got a stick—a long water sprout—and held it out to him. He came up, grabbing with both hands, and I put the stick into his hands. He clung to it and I pulled him out on the bank, almost dead. I got him by the arms and shook him well and then rolled him on the ground, when the water poured out of his mouth. He was all right very soon. We promised each other that we would never tell anybody about it, and never did for years.



EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

I never told any one of it until after Lincoln was killed."

Abe Lincoln the Fortunate Boy



Ida M. Tarbell in Collier's Weekly.

HOW devoid of understanding is he that pities Abraham Lincoln's youth! It was so hard, we say, so meager and ugly—no comforts, no hair mattress, no electric light, no free library, no ready-made clothes. We rehearse what we know he did not have, but fail to see what he did have.

The real boy Lincoln was not he who slept in the loft of a log cabin through whose chinks the snow may sometimes have sifted; it was the boy who came home after a long day's work with glowing eyes, hugging to his heart a book—a borrowed book—who did his chores almost unconsciously, his mind on the joy that awaited him. What mattered it to him that he must gather chips and shavings to keep the logs flaming, if he would have a light to read by? *He had a book to read*, and he read it until sleep overtook the household, and then carried it up to bed that at the break of day it might be within his reach.

The real boy was not he who struggled with plow or ax or flatboat rudder; it was he who while working rehearsed over and over the passages that he had read the night before, making them his own. It was the boy who as he traveled the furrow visualized George Washington, Valley Forge, the Crossing of the Delaware, who learned to declaim the "Great Declaration"—a thing born so close to his own time that no disappointing experiences had yet chilled its noble phrases. To him there was a quality of truth, of possible realization in the famous document which thrilled and enobled him. The real boy Lincoln was the one who, in those days we call so hard, carried with him a faith in the possibility of freedom and opportunity for all men, a faith which grew as he toiled.

NOT ONE TO BE PITIED.

He is not the one to be pitied. Pity the boy who, surrounded by all the thousands of volumes which rehearse the making and interpret the meaning of the Declaration of Independence, has

never yet caught its vision or felt the fire of its inspiration.

He must walk far for the book—beg it from neighbors who knew him, build acquaintance with strangers into confidence sufficient to borrow. Pity him for *that*? He had to learn a great thing—that the book is worth the price—any price. What did he grudge that brought him Bobby Burns or Aesop or Plutarch or the Constitution of the United States, or a collection of the strange and changing laws of men—that brought him anything that dealt with the workings of men's hearts and minds?

His desire carried him across fields and over rough trails to Boonville, twenty miles away; to Rockport, as far, and to many a distant home of educated English settlers, of southern men or of those who had followed the long trail of his own family from the Atlantic Coast, through Virginia and Kentucky, into Southwestern Indiana. Wherever he knew of man or woman who had or might have a book, he wormed his way. He scented a book, trailed it, worried it out of its hole. His hunter's nose and tirelessness became known far and wide and won him friends among men of parts. They knew a living mind when they met it, understood its hunger, strove to feed it, grew to respect him, to go out of their way to put the book in his way.

Pity the book hunter! What if the chase was long, the path hard, the footwear worn, the coat of homespun—what was all that to him? It was the quarry, not the way, of which he thought. A book in hand, he walked homeward with the man he had found—Jefferson, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Defoe—and for days, whatever came, cold, short rations, hard labor, Jefferson, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Defoe was by his side.

REJOICE THAT HE READ.

No, this boy is not to be pitied, but rather he who has never longed for a book, never walked a mile to borrow one—he who when a book is by his side can keep his hands from it, who can live among books daily, incurious, unacquainted.

The boy Lincoln did not read for forgetfulness. The book was not a sedative, a soporific for him. It did not take him out of Spencer County, Indiana, but rather helped him to understand Spencer County. It interpreted to him the thing of which he and Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and all of these neighbors and friends of theirs, were apart.

The pioneer life had its excitements and allurements—discovery, danger, hope lifted it out of the commonplace. Young Lincoln shared all this; and the book told him, as those about him could not, the meaning, the reasons, behind it all. It traced the path that a long line of forebears had traveled westward—their sacrifices, their hopes! Through the book he saw Southwestern Indiana and its people as a scene in a great and noble drama—saw its relation to the opening of the new continent, the upbuilding of a new kind of government, the founding of something which would admit more and more men to the opportunities of the earth.

The book did something else for him—

it helped him to understand human beings. His curiosity about them was insatiate—their ways, their thoughts, their passions, their meannesses, their nobilities. The boy Lincoln saw wide ranges of human material—a few men of education; many men of patient, steady, daily labor—reverent, believing men; he saw those of riotous life, and not a few men of petty living—dirty habits, physical and mental. He shirked no man. He was curiously impersonal in his contacts with men. He sought to know them—and the book helped him. Aesop, Bunyan, Burns, Shakespeare—all of them helped him understand the men of Spencer County, Indiana. He loved and sought the book because of the light and understanding it gave to life.

Do not pity him because he had no steadier glow to read by than that of blazing logs—rather rejoice that he read! *Rejoice that he read!*

It is with pleasure that we announce the beginning in February of a new department for boys and girls. In many homes where *The Reporter* goes there are younger members of the family who should be included in our circle of friends. If *The Reporter* can thus become a family magazine, eagerly awaited by old and young alike, an editorial ideal will be happily achieved.

Our Boys and Girls

We are violating no confidence when we say that President J. W. Young of the Hollywood Company is intensely interested in boys and girls. All who know him are aware of his devotion to the younger generation. He has been not only a pal and friend to his own three boys but a master of revels and an instigator of wholesome fun to their associates in his neighborhood. To many a luckless chap he has been sympathetic father confessor and wise counselor "when a feller needs a friend." Many a business conference has waited for the adjustment of some youthful misunderstanding—the confidence of a child outweighing the seemingly more important eventualities of business routine.

When the suggestion was made to Mr. Young that he conduct a department of his own in these pages he modestly declined, but after a moment's thought remarked, "If I should take charge of a department it would be one for boys and girls. They are the coming men and women and nothing could be more important than the proper molding of their impressionable young lives."

The demands upon Mr. Young's time are too great to permit him to indulge even in this labor of love. The department must therefore be entrusted to another. Mr. J. Rogers Gore has been chosen for this editorial post. A more fortunate selection could scarcely have been made. Mr. Gore has the understanding heart and the sympathetic insight which make him a child lover. He also has a gift for writing simply, in a style that will win the youthful reader. His book, "The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, has been adopted for supplementary reading in hundreds of schools throughout the country.

Mr. Gore had the good fortune to spend a number of newspaper years in Hodgenville, Kentucky, where Lincoln lived as a boy. Through his acquaintance with Austin Gollaher, Abe's boyhood playmate, he learned many interesting facts not generally known about this obscure period in the life of the great man. His published volume is the only recorded treatise on Lincoln's boyhood. The standard biographies gloss over these early years which were so formative and richly significant. For this reason Mr. Gore's book is a distinct contribution to the literature of the subject.

Our new department for boys and girls will contain hitherto unprinted stories and incidents in the early life of Lincoln, so intensely human and readable that children—whether young or old in years—will find them fascinating.

The Hollywood Reporter January 1927

In the homely, simple language of Lincoln's playmate, Austin Gollaher, J. Rogers Gore, the author of the "Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln," just published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, tells the tale of Lincoln's early childhood. Gore himself is a native of Larue County, having been born in Hodgenville and reared upon traditions of the great American. His account of how he became interested in Lincoln is unusual.

"The first time I heard Abraham Lincoln's name mentioned," said Mr. Gore when interviewed, "was in a drug store in Hodgenville. He was being roundly abused by a gentleman who still believed in slavery and secession. I had gone into the drug store with my grandfather, who was a practicing physician, and who during the Civil War had been a surgeon in the Federal army. At that time I was 6 years old and the outburst of abuse heaped upon Lincoln by the man was bewildering to me. My grandfather chastised the unconvinced rebel and during the heated colloquy I learned that a President of the United States had been born near Hodgenville.

"Upon leaving the little drug store I asked many questions about Abe Lincoln. My grandfather tried to explain to me that Lincoln had been President of the United States and that a President was a mighty big man. I could not, of course, grasp the whole situation, but I had a faint idea that the President lived at Elizabethtown, Ky., and that he was something out of the ordinary—even as big and as great as the man who conducted our grocery store and confectionery, where there were many jars of stick candy on display as well as a few striped spinning tops. From that time on I was interested in Abraham Lincoln."

Even as Tom Sawyer became the hero and guiding star of "Miteh" Miller and his cronies, so did Lincoln become to Gore.

"Later in life, at the advanced age of fourteen," Mr. Gore went on to say, "I went into the Larue Herald office to ink the old Washington hand press. There I learned that Austin Gollaher and Abe Lincoln had been playmates over in the Knob Creek hills and one day I went fishing up on Hubbard Fork of Nolin Creek, near the place where Abe Lincoln used to cross on his way to and from the Hodgen mill. The fish didn't bite and I decided to cross the few hills to the home of 'Uncle Austin,' where I found the venerable man and procured from him an interview. At odd times for about a week or ten days I worked on the article and finally produced a half-column story which, in fear and trembling, I sent to the old Louisville Commercial, together with a 'proof' from an old solid leadent of my hero, Austin Gollaher.

Gore's First Lincoln Story.

"The story appeared on the front page of the paper, Uncle Austin's picture splitting it half in two. There was, of course, some jealousy in the heart of the other boy in the office and he at once commenced to menace me. A scuffle resulted, but George H. Burba, the foreman on the Herald, who, by the way, was twice the secretary of Governor Cox of Ohio and later editor of the Columbus Dispatch, interfered, stopped the quarreling and fighting and suggested good-naturedly that I go out to see Uncle Austin often, write down what he told me and some day write a book about the boy, Abe Lincoln.

"Every time I found an opportunity I went to the cabin home of Mr. Gollaher, always taking to him a plug of 'store' tobacco, a thing he relished. Under the shade of the trees in the yard of his hill home we talked about

Abe, and in this way I gathered the data for the narratives as given in 'The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln.' Of course I had no intention of writing a book. I was simply interested; I loved the old man's stories of Lincoln. Indeed, they thrilled me, and I preserved the data for many years, hoping to find the time to write them for a newspaper.

"Last December a year ago, when I commenced to write them, I did not think I was writing a book. I was not trying to; it was my intention to offer them to a newspaper. But somebody wrote to the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, and they wrote to me. The manuscript was presented, the contract made and the book printed."

"The book itself is an interesting volume. The author has collected reminiscences, anecdotes and narratives, the 'leaves from the loving memory of an old man,' as he expresses it in his preface, is one of the most human and readable bits of writing of recent days. There is humor in it, pathos, and a keen, yet very delicate appreciation of nature.

Data Is Authentic.

There are those who might be inclined to consider the tales of Gollaher the garrulous outpourings of an octogenarian, but to these it can be said is no fable that Lincoln really was the playmate of Austin Gollaher, who lived to be more than 80 years old and was still possessed of a keen intelligence. The narratives likewise were collected bit by bit, with no thought of embellishment on the part of narrator or collector.

There are many charming passages in the volume. The chapter telling of Lincoln's birth that blighting winter of 1809, when Isom Elnow struggled against the storm, is remarkable. The little, seemingly inconsequent happenings between the boy Abraham and the boy Austin hold much significance when told in the light of the

memory of later events. Abraham's love for his dog "Honey," with crippled leg; the boy's hatred of cruelty, his love for his mother and his thirst for learning are simply told.

Interesting references by Mr. Gore to Lincoln's education are:

"From his mother and from Mrs. Hodgen, Abraham learned his 'A B C's.' Indeed, these two women created in him the first thirst for knowledge—that thirst which grew as the boy grew until it became his first concern, his one great passion. With pencils of soapstone, upon smooth boards scored black over the backlog fire, Mrs. Hodgen spelled and figured and explained, never losing patience in her effort to teach the boy, to give him the fundamental three R's. Each week Mrs. Hodgen would write on the burnt board one of the Ten Commandments, and when Abraham came to the mill with corn she would read and reread it to him until it was pretty well impressed upon his fresh young mind. Then on his next visit to the mill she would read him a new commandment and have him repeat the one of the previous week.

"Mrs. Hodgen used kindergarten methods of her own devising long before kindergartens were dreamed of. Her illustrations were amusing and impressive. For example, she would drive three sticks or stobs into the ground. To one she would tie a cat, to another a hen and to a third Abraham's dog. Then in the ground beside each she would write its name—c-a-t, h-e-n, d-o-g. Of course the boy was tremendously interested; he would walk from one stob to another, stopping and thinking; then back again to the beginning. Finally he cried out that he could 'do them,' and, turning his back, he went down on his hands

and knees and wrote 'eat,' 'hen' and 'dog' on the smoothed spot in the back yard where he and Austin played marbles."

There is plenty of adventure in the book, and incident galore. The following narrative of the time Lincoln and Gollaher became lost likewise is an example of the philosophy of the young rail-splitter:

When Abe Got "Turned Around."

"The sun was hanging low in the west; the hills were already steeped in shadows, and the night would soon fall upon the field and wood. Abraham Lincoln and Austin Gollaher were lost and facing a night in the woods. The boys had been aimlessly wandering for some time, each knowing they were lost; neither mentioning it to the other. They were hoping that something would lead them aright and that it wouldn't be necessary for the one to frighten the other by admitting the truth. But, finally realizing the seriousness of the situation, they stopped, anxiously scanned the chain of blue hills to the east, and then looked at each other.

"'We are just turned around, not lost!' exclaimed Abe.

"'I know it,' said Austin, 'but how are we going to get turned around right?'

"'Let's don't get scared and let's think about something,' was Abe's very sensible suggestion. 'Now,' said he, 'there is no use to travel any farther toward the hills. It seems like that's the way home, but we didn't come over the hills to get here, and we can't get home by going that way.'"

And the finished tale shows that Abraham's quiet wit and cool head got them safely home again.

Mr. Gore's book makes it hard for anyone to believe that the Lincoln family was as hopelessly "pore white trash" as some historians relate. Thomas Lincoln is pictured as impractical, improvident, preferring to tramp through the woods with his gun to learning the three ways of civilization, but not as bad, coarse or even lazy. He was self-indulgent, perhaps, and negatively selfish, adoring his wife, Nancy Hanks, whom he referred to always as his "beautiful Nancy."

"If I could do so I would present every boy and girl in America a copy of the book with the request that they read it; not, of course, for literary style or magnificent phrases (those things are not between its covers), but with the hope that they would go out into the Knob Creek hills and, in fancy, live with Abraham Lincoln, the child, and absorb some of that wonderful honesty and goodness that abounded in the heart of the uncouth backwoods Abe over a hundred years ago," says the author with a sincerity that again reveals the love that is in his heart for the things of which he writes.

Abe Lincoln's Daddy Eats Christmas Dinner and "Whups" a Stranger

By J. ROGERS GORE.

(Author of the Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln.)

On December 25, 1815, Jonathan Keith and wife "set" a Christmas dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lincoln and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gollaher, and—some time during the day Thomas Lincoln "whipped" a fur-clad stranger after a heated discussion over the topic of another war with England.

More than thirty years ago Uncle Dave Brownfield related to me the story of that Christmas dinner. Uncle Dave was a product of Larue County, Ky., he having been born and brought up within three miles of the old farm where Abraham Lincoln was born, and he was a Lincoln student in so far as the lives of the Lincolns in Larue County were concerned. His supply of traditional Lincoln stories did not exhaust until he himself exhausted.

Uncle Dave was a travelling salesman—a shoe drummer—but his specialty was story-telling, and his stories were rich in humor and pathos. Two or three hours before he died he announced that he was about ready to visit the golden-slipper stores on the other side of the river, where he hoped he could "fit" Abe Lincoln, Martha Washington and his old black mammy. He left a good story unfinished, but smilingly said, "To be continued," and then "drove on" to strike a bargain with the angels.

Jonathan Keith's two-room-and-a-garret cabin sat close to the rim of a hill—a semi-precipice, but between the house and the precipitous hillside were two big oak trees, the only "insurance" Mr. Keith had against those pioneer windstorms which frequently did much damage to cabin homes in the Muldraugh Hill section of Larue County during the days when the Lincolns lived there.

Thomas Lincoln was afraid of a windstorm; a little cloud upset his nerves and caused him to hike for a cave, and, since he was one of the architects of the Keith cabin, it is a good bet that he selected the location with the thought in mind that those two big oak trees would protect it and keep it from rolling down the steep hill into Knob Creek when the hurricanes came.

Of course, there is no especial interest attaching to the log cabin home of the Keiths, except that Thomas Lincoln helped to build it, and after it was built Abraham ate many a spread of jam on corn bread beneath its roof. That cabin was finished in the fall of the year 1815, shortly after the Lincolns, the Gollahers and others saw Jonathan Keith married to one of the belles of the hills. Keith had made his home in the loft of the Lincoln cabin previous to that time, or since the day Thomas Lincoln found him after he had been washed ashore by the swift current of the Rolling Fork River, a stream he "mixed with" on a prospecting trip from North Carolina to Kentucky.

Mrs. Lincoln would not leave Abraham to attend the dinner. He had some kind of breaking out which the good

mother thought was measles, and he was not as "pearly" as usual, so Mrs. Lincoln simply sent her regrets and stayed at home to nurse Abraham. No mother ever lived who was fonder of her son than was Mrs. Thomas Lincoln of that big, overgrown, long-legged, long-headed, ugly lad of the backwoods—Abraham. But that "breaking out" was not the measles. It developed it was one of those intensified, irritating, incendiary "spells" of the itch, which was not entirely under control until Abraham got to swimming in Knob Creek the following spring, after which he greased with sulphurated mutton tallow.

So, Thomas Lincoln took little Sarah, his only daughter, and went to the Keith home early in the morning where he helped pick the wild turkey, skin the 'possum, and carry water from the spring at the foot of the steep hill. Little Sarah decorated the cabin with ferns and cedars and myrtles, and other evergreens which she gathered from the hills. The yuletide log was blazing high in the big, broad fireplace, and upon a big bed of coals the Christmas dinner was cooking.

Great flakes of snow were whirling over the earth, and the big and little trees in the woods were decorated in white—a typical Kentucky Christmas season.

It was a big dinner and a good one. On the split-log benches six happy people sat and enjoyed the wild turkey, the wild honey, wild berries and wild drinks. Mrs. Keith and little Sarah drank tea made from sassafras roots and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Keith drank tea which the pioneers made from corn. In those days a man had a right to drink that kind of tea to the fullest extent of his appetite.

The dinner was finished. As was the pioneer custom, Thomas Lincoln was offering up a word of prayer before departing, when there was a rap on the door.

A fur-clad stranger was invited in and fed. He said he was a representative of the Washington Government and that he was traveling through the country "taking" names, announcing that there was soon to be another war with England and that our Government wanted to know just how many men could be mustered when the time came to organize the army. This was interesting news to Thomas Lincoln and Jonathan Keith, and the fur-clad individual was asked many questions. But, when the "Government official" stated that it was his duty to "take" pelts, or hides, for soldiers' caps, as well as names for the army, trouble commenced to foment. Thomas Lincoln was willing to give the fur-clad man as many names as he wanted, but he would not listen to the gentleman's suggestion that he also be permitted to "take" pelts, and he at once informed the man that in his opinion he was an imposter, whereupon the fellow became very indignant and used some violent language in the presence of Mrs. Keith and little Sarah. Mr. Lincoln very quietly went to the door and opened it, then he just as quietly grabbed the "Government solicitor" by the collar, saying: "I will take you outside and give you a whupping," and Thomas Lincoln always kept his

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN, Austin Gollaher and "Honey," Abraham's dog, were in the woods near Knob Creek. It was in late October. Preparations for the winter had been completed. The fire wood

had been cut and stacked, the berries picked and canned, and the nuts gathered and hulled, and now the pioneer children were at liberty to play among the great trees, the leaves of which were turning red

and yellow. It was just that time of the year in pioneer life when there was time for a breathing spell, and Abraham and Austin were highly delighted that they were at liberty to rove in the great wilderness.

They were watching Honey tease the squirrels and listening to him bark and whine when he thought he had scented a raccoon. Honey was always with these two sturdy pioneer boys when they went into the woods. He seemed to think it a part of his routine and duty to go with them into the deep forest, for there were many dangers among the tall trees and thick underbrush. The boys were always glad to have Honey with them, too, because he was a fearless dog and more than once had proved that he was a protection to them.

Far out in the woods there was a faint tripping through the leaves and dry brush. It sounded like a small child running over broken twigs. Instantly Honey's ears were flapped back upon his neck and he growled menacingly. The boys were also interested and perhaps just a little scared, too, because it was unusual for wild animals to approach so closely to human beings unless they were bent upon mischief.

"Look! Look!" exclaimed Abraham. "It's a fawn and it's coming right towards us."

They stood breathlessly still and the fawn, staggering, fell at their

feet. There was a bullet hole through its shoulder and it was suffering, oh, so much. It wanted human hands to help it, and with its eyes it asked Abraham and Austin to have mercy upon it. Those large, pretty eyes said "I am suffering so very much. Won't you please help me?"

The first impulse of both boys was to run up the hill to their homes and tell their mothers about the fawn,

All the remainder of that afternoon they were attentive to their little patient, and not until the shadows began to fall did they decide to go to their homes upon the high hill. Of course they related the story to the mothers, who commended them for what they had done. Both boys agreed to be out of bed early the next morning so that they might visit the little patient which they had covered with dry leaves before going home, but Abraham was so uncomfortable when he thought of the poor little wounded fawn out in the woods that he could not go to bed; so he begged his mother to ask Mrs. Gollaher to go with him and Austin that they might again visit their patient the next evening.

"I don't believe I could sleep tonight," Abraham said; "I just know I will think all night of the little fawn and I want you and Mrs. Gollaher to go with Austin and me right now to see if we can do anything more for the little deer."

Abraham's and Austin's mothers were wonderful pioneer women, and were kind not only to little boys and girls, but to the wild life of the great woods. So with lighted tallow dips Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Gollaher went with the boys to look after the patient. You may imagine the surprise of Abraham and Austin when they found that the fawn had completely disappeared. They never knew, of course, what became of it, but for many days they discussed the episode with all the children and many of the grownups in the neighborhood.

"Austin," said Abraham, "the fawn looked just like a little boy out of its eyes. Didn't you notice it wasn't afraid of us? I kept thinking it was going to speak and tell us it was feeling better."

"So did I," agreed Austin. "Yes, siree! It looked at us out of its eyes just like I am sure I looked when the snake bit me, and like you look when you cut your foot."

"I am mighty glad we were there," Abraham said in his most serious way. "And did you see how funny Honey acted? Why, he looked like he was just as sorry as we were because the little deer was shot. I reckon he thought of the time his old master kicked him over the el-

THE author of the story, "Lincoln and the Fawn," was born and brought up in Hodgenville, La Rue County, Kentucky, within four miles of the place where Abraham Lincoln lived until he was about eight years old. Austin Gollaher was Lincoln's boyhood companion. In the hill country Abraham and Austin played together for five years, or until Abraham's father and mother and sister Sarah moved to Indiana. The two pioneer boys were together every day in the wilderness, and often at night, too, for their cabin homes were very close together, on top of a pretty hill.

Austin Gollaher lived to be a very old man. Nearly all of his life was spent in the same cabin on the same hill where he and Abraham played. When the author of this story was a boy he often went to see Austin Gollaher, who was then a very old man. He was a rough old pioneer, but he was a good Christian, and he loved boys.

Under the same trees where he and Abraham played he related to Mr. Gore stories of his and Lincoln's child lives as they spent them in the Kentucky wilderness. The reminiscence printed here is in substance as Austin Gollaher related it more than thirty years ago. It is dramatized in order to construct it with more realism.

but Abraham did not want to waste that much time, so he ran with all his might to Knob Creek and filled his coon skin cap with water. The fawn drank heartily and was very much relieved.

"O! Austin," said Abraham, "the little fawn is dying. It is begging us to do something to keep it from suffering so much. Run down to Knob Creek as fast as you can and bring another cap full of water and we will bathe the wound and stuff paw paw leaves into it, and maybe that will make it feel better."

So, there in the forest, Abraham and Austin ministered to the unfortunate little fawn which had undoubtedly been shot by some cruel hunter.

Lincoln and the Fawn

A Story of His Childhood by
J. ROGERS GORE,
Author of "The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln"

(Copyrighted)

and broke his leg," continued Abraham. "And I reckon he thought too of how good I was to him that day. As long as I live I'll not forget how Honey looked when I found him there at the foot of the cliff. He just wagged his tail and whined and when he was sure I was his friend he tried to jump upon me and lick my face, but his leg was hurting him so he couldn't."

"I hope mighty much," said Austin, "that the little deer is still living and that it will soon be well; and I hope that it will go far out into the hills where the hunters and the hounds will never find it."

"I will never make a hunter or a trapper, Austin," said Abraham, "so I reckon the best thing that could happen to me, after Mother goes to heaven, would be for somebody who lives in one of the big places far away to take me to live with them. I tell you Austin I don't want to learn to shoot. I don't want to shoot holes in animals and have them looking up at me with their pitiful eyes."

"Father likes to hunt and set traps, but I could never be a hunter or trapper," continued Abraham. "You remember the time Mr. John Hodgen made the snare for us? I could not sleep that night for thinking about how that little cord would strangle a rabbit or a possum to death if they happened to nibble on the bait on the trigger, so I was mighty glad the next day when we went to the snare and found it still 'set'."

"I reckon," said Austin, "that God intends for us to kill enough to eat. Don't you reckon He does?"

"Yes, I reckon He does," answered Abraham, "but I don't want to kill the wild things of the woods. Wouldn't you hate to be the hunter that shot the little fawn? Just think of the suffering that man has caused the poor little wild creature, and what good did it do the hunter? What good does it do anybody to make the wild things suffer?" May 1924

Boys and Girls

J. Rogers Gore, *Editor*

Lincoln Adrift in the River

A Story of His Childhood

By J. ROGERS GORE

Author of "*The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln*"

Lincoln

Adrift in the River

A STORY OF
HIS CHILDHOOD
BY THE AUTHOR
OF "THE BOYHOOD
OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN"

(Copyrighted)

"I'M GOING up to grandpap's in the morning to spend the day, and I want you to ask your mother to let you go along," said Austin Gollaher to Abraham Lincoln in the afternoon of a summer day 108 years ago, as they bathed their faces in the cold water of Knob Creek, a pretty little stream which meanders between the hills of a picturesque country in La Rue County, Kentucky.

"Now, Abe," continued Austin persuasively, "won't you beg your mother to let you go? It's too lonesome to go by myself, and I've got to go 'cause grandpap has made a cedar butter paddle for mother and she wants me to fetch it to her."

"Maybe mother might," Abe answered slowly, as he wiped the water from his brown face with a handful of paw-paw leaves. "Father's away and I don't think he'll be back for a long time, 'cause he's gone to Indiana a-looking for a better place to live and a better place to set his traps, and mother needs me nearly all the time, but I kinda think she'll let me go with you 'cause Mrs. Hodgen is coming to our house tomorrow to spend the day, and mother won't need me so much while Mrs. Hodgen is there—they'll be too busy a-spinning of wool to bother about things I can do. So in the morning after I bring two big buckets full of water from the spring I'll ask her," concluded Abraham as he and Austin turned their faces toward the brow of the hill upon which sat their cabin homes.

THE author of the story, "Lincoln Adrift in the River," was born and brought up in Hodgenville, La Rue County, Kentucky, within four miles of the place where Abraham Lincoln lived until he was about eight years old. Austin Gollaher was Lincoln's boyhood companion. In the hill country Abraham and Austin played together for five years, or until Abraham's father and mother and sister Sarah moved to Indiana. The two pioneer boys were together every day in the wilderness, and often at night, too, for their cabin homes were very close together, on top of a pretty hill.

Austin Gollaher lived to be a very old man. Nearly all of his life was spent in the same cabin on the same hill where he and Abraham played. When the author of this story was a boy he often went to see Austin Gollaher, who was then a very old man. He was a rough old pioneer, but he was a good Christian, and he loved boys.

Under the same trees where he and Abraham played he related to Mr. Gore stories of his and Lincoln's child lives as they spent them in the Kentucky wilderness. The reminiscence printed here is in substance as Austin Gollaher related it more than thirty years ago. It is dramatized in order to construct it with more realism.

"I'll take the gun along, Abe," said Austin gleefully as he clapped his big, fat hands. "There're lots of wild cats along the Rolling Fork River, and you know Mr. Walters saw bear tracks in the snow over there by grandpap's last winter. Yes, siree, we'll take the gun," concluded Austin with a show of bravado.

"Reckon your grandpap has finished our hunting knives he promised us the day he was down to our house?" asked Abraham. "I needed mine mighty much the day we were lost between the two big hills near Mr. Enlow's place."

"What did you want with it that day?" asked Austin curiously.

"Why to cut bushes and drop them along the path so our fathers would know when they went to look for us that we or somebody had been along that way," replied Abraham in his usual measured, emphatic manner.

"I don't know whether grandpap has the knives done or not," said Austin, "but I kinda think he has, 'cause he hasn't been much busy for a long time. Pap says he spends the most of his time catching big cat fish out of the Rolling Fork River and giving 'em away to his neighbors. You know, Abe," continued the happy Austin, "grandpap catches the most of his fish in the deep hole where he keeps the raft tied to the small tree at the foot of the hill by the spring, and I 'spect we could catch some big ones there, too."

So the next morning, bright and early, Abraham Lincoln and Austin Gollaher, boyhood companions and playmates, went to spend the day with Austin's grandfather four miles from their log-cabin homes in the Knob Creek hills.

"Grandpap," said Austin, as the two boys approached the old man who was dozing on a split-log bench in front of his cabin home, "mother sent you this pair of socks and pap sent you this new cob pipe, and mother wants to know if her butter paddle is finished."

"Bless my soul, I'm powerful glad to see you and Abraham. How'd you boys like to have a spread of jam on a hunk of corn bread? Yes, the paddle's finished, and it's a good one, too. Go tell your grandma to give you and Abraham all the jam and corn bread you can eat, and at dinner we'll have a big mess of fish and as fine a wild turkey as you two youngsters ever seed baked brown in gravy. Now, go 'long and I'll try my new pipe, but you'd better stay away from the river," he admonished, "fer Abraham ain't learnt to swim yet."

Austin winked at Abe as they turned the corner of the cabin with their faces toward the river.

"Here's the raft," said Austin as he bounced upon it, "and grandpap's trot line is stretched clear across the river; bet there's a lot of big fish on it right this minute. Keep your eyes open, Abe, for a wild cat; plenty of 'em in the hollow trees along the river and I'm itching to get a pop at one with this good old gun; it's good and clean and I'll shoot straight to the spot!"

"Look at the snake!" he shouted. "Watch me pelt his head with this pole," and with that exclamation Austin hit at it with all his might. The rawhide strap anchoring the raft snapped, and in a moment it was caught in the swift current and they were carried much too rapidly through the semi-rapid of the mountain stream.

"We made frantic efforts to pole the raft to the bank," said Austin, the man, to this writer thirty-five years ago, "but our efforts were without avail. We drifted with the current, and it seemed to me we were traveling a mile a minute and were being carried many miles from grandfather's home.

"Abe did not speak. He seldom did during moments of stress, but I can see that long-legged wonderful lad now, with his great intelligent eyes shining and his kind face set, as he worked manfully to control the raft. But the water was too swift and deep, and our poles did not touch bottom.

"All the while I was loudly talking to Abe and yelling for help with all my might, but Abe was as dumb as the rocks along the banks of the river."

"He was thinking," continued Mr. Gollaher reminiscently, "thinking then, as he always thought, of the best way out of any predicament. Now I was three years older than Abe, but he was as large, and much smarter, of course," and with a low chuckle he tapped the trunk of a big walnut tree under which we were sitting. "In this particular instance, as in many other trials which came to us here in these hills, Abe was my adviser, and I believed in him implicitly, because, even though a child, his wisdom was astonishing to old and young.

"Look! Look, Abe!" I exclaimed.

"We are drifting toward the island," and in a moment the raft stuck in the sand and mud, and I was about to spring ashore, but Abe stopped me.

"Don't you know," he very quietly said, "if we get on the island and the raft drifts on we might have to stay here all night. You can't swim in the swift water and I can't swim at all. So stay on the raft," he admonished, "and we'll strike shore further down."

"And that's just what we did," said Mr. Gollaher, as he leaned heavily upon his staff and gazed sadly upon the blue hills surrounding his home, where he and his companion Abe had spent so many happy days together many years before, a wave of his withered hand toward the almost forgotten home of his grandfather.

"Now," Abe said, "you see we are safe."

"Yes," I replied, "but we are on the wrong side of the river, and I don't know whether or not we'll ever make grandpap hear us when we get opposite his house. I know we won't," I continued, "if he's hammering on his old anvil."

"Well," said Abe deliberately, "if we have to stay out all night it won't be at the bottom of the river."

"Jerusalem!" continued Abe, "if here ain't Honey," and there within a few feet of us was Abe's wonderful dog, wagging his tail and looking up into our faces as if trying to say, "I am here to save you."

"Honey'll swim across and make your grandfather understand that we want him to come after us in his flat boat," Abraham assured me.

"That afternoon on our way home Abe said, 'Austin you don't think enough about what you are doing. Just suppose you had got on the island and the river had raised. Don't you know when it rains in the hills the river gets up in a few minutes, and you'd have been drowned mighty quick?'"

"Abe expressed himself emphatically as he always did when he spoke of my dereliction or recklessness."

"Thus it was then and all through life," concluded Mr. Gollaher, as the tears glistened in his dim old eyes—as they always did when speaking about his boyhood playmate and friend—"Abe was careful to place around himself and his friends every precaution. It was that same care and thought and quiet determination that gave to him the strength to save this nation.

"Always he prepared to conquer adversities, whether they were in the hills of his childhood or the White House of his manhood."

AUSTIN GOLLAHER'S father owned a little mule which was used to plow the field at the foot of the hill upon which stood the Lincoln and Gollaher cabins. The mule's name was Jim. Jim was

full of all kinds of mule tricks. One time he bit off a rooster's head, and another time, he kicked a billy goat's horns off even with its head. With either of his small hind hoofs he could kick a boy's coon

skin cap from his head without half trying. So you see Jim was accomplished, and he evidently thought he was entirely able to take care of himself under all circumstances. But two long scars on Jim's left hip disproved that.

One day he strayed from home, going far out into the deep, gloomy forest. He was away three days and when he finally came home he was nearly dead. Evidently he had bled freely from the long gash on his hip. Abraham and Austin, and even the grownups were distressed, and everybody was asking: "What in the world happened to Jim?" It was all a big mystery until a man, who lived far back in the hills, was at Austin's home and saw Jim limping around the yard. He told Austin's father that he had found a large black bear fighting the mule and that he had shot the bear and done what he could to save Jim's life.

After that Jim never left home,

THE author of the story, "Abraham, Austin and the Mule," was born and brought up in Hodgenville, La Rue County, Kentucky, within four miles of the place where Abraham Lincoln lived until he was about eight years old. Austin Gollaher was Lincoln's boyhood companion. In the hill country Abraham and Austin played together for five years, or until Abraham's father and mother and sister Sarah moved to Indiana. The two pioneer boys were together every day in the wilderness, and often at night, too, for their cabin homes were very close together, on top of a pretty hill.

Austin Gollaher lived to be a very old man. Nearly all of his life was spent in the same cabin on the same hill where he and Abraham played. When the author of this story was a boy he often went to see Austin Gollaher, who was then a very old man. He was a rough old pioneer, but he was a good Christian, and he loved boys.

Under the same trees where he and Abraham played he related to Mr. Gore stories of his and Lincoln's child lives as they spent them in the Kentucky wilderness. The reminiscence printed here is in substance as Austin Gollaher related it more than thirty years ago. It is dramatized in order to construct it with more realism.

and often had to be coaxed with a switch before Austin's father could get him to go to the valley to plow. The fight with the bear seemed to take every bit of the fighting spirit out of Jim.

It was a beautiful autumn morn-

ing. Everywhere the birds were singing and the hills were blooming in red and yellow foliage. A refreshing rain had fallen the evening before.

Abraham's mother, who had always been frail, was recovering from a spell of fever. She was feeling a great deal better. Calling Abraham to her bedside, she said: "Take Honey and go by for Austin and maybe you and he and Honey can find a young squirrel for me. I feel like I might eat some tender meat this morning."

No request from his mother could have pleased Abraham more, for he was always happy when she was feeling better and it pleased him much when she expressed a desire for something to eat.

Often when Abraham's mother said she was hungry he wanted everybody to join in in an effort to find just what she wanted; so he and Honey lost little time in getting to Austin's home. Austin owned a rifle and was a good marksman, and Abraham was quite sure that his faithful dog, Honey, would soon tree a squirrel and that Austin would shoot it.

A short distance from the Gollaher cabin Abraham heard Austin crying, and he was full of misgiving, because Austin seldom cried. The door was standing slightly ajar and when Abraham walked into the cabin he found Austin sitting upon a stool by the fireplace, rubbing his eyes and crying just like his heart was broken. Austin was alone in the room and did not look up until Abraham spoke to him. Then he said: "Abe, I wish you had not come over until after I got through crying and washed my face, so you would not have known I was such a baby."

"I am not going to tell anybody you have been crying," Abraham quickly assured Austin,

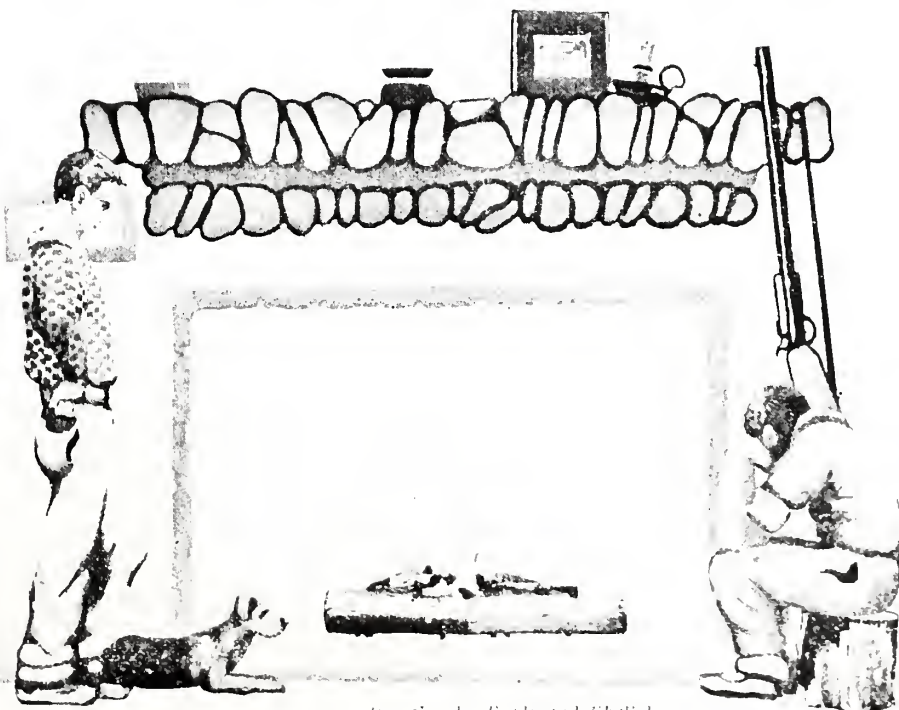


Illustration by Ferdinand Ehrlich

"so what difference does it make if I did see you?"

"I don't care if you tell," Austin said; "I just didn't want you to see me crying. I didn't want you to think I ever cried. I didn't want you to think that boys have a right to cry."

"What in the world happened to you, Austin?" Abraham asked sympathetically. "Did your father switch you?"

"No," Austin replied, "it is a whole heap worse than that. Jim died this morning, and I think maybe I was the cause of it."

"How could you be the cause of it?" asked Abraham full of bewilderment.

"Well," began Austin, "yesterday Jim bit at me and I kicked him very hard in the stomach and I thought maybe that was the cause of his death."

"Well I will declare!" exclaimed Abraham, "that is the most foolish thing I ever heard you say, Austin. Don't you know you couldn't kick a mule hard enough to kill it, especially a mule as tough as Jim? Why even a big black bear couldn't kill Jim, and you ought to know you couldn't kick him hard enough to kill him. You might hurt him a little bit, but he would soon get over that, so it looks to me like you were just crying for nothing," concluded Abraham.

"I don't know so much about that, Abe," said Austin. "I kicked Jim mighty hard; it made my toe bleed a whole lot. Don't you see I had to wrap my toe up?" And he thrust his foot out so that Abe might see the big, blood-stained rag wrapped around the toe.

Abraham's face took on that solemn expression, and he said rather disgustingly, "You never killed Jim, and you ought to be smart enough to know that you didn't. But I am sorry you kicked him," he said after meditating for a moment, "because you will always feel bad over kicking poor Jim."

"I reckon I know that," retorted Austin. "I felt bad about it just as soon as I did it, and went right straight out and got three big arms full of green corn instead of one and gave it to him."

"What's that?" demanded Austin's father from the kitchen. "What did you do? How much green corn did you give that mule?"

"Three arm loads," answered Austin.

the mule. That's what made him swell up and die with the colic. I'm going to skin you for that. I'm going to give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life." And with that remark Austin's father passed out through the kitchen door, walking rapidly toward a small hickory tree upon which grew many keen, slender hickories.

Abraham thought it was about time to be going home, but before he left he begged Austin's mother to try to persuade Mr. Gollaher not to whip Austin. Then he traveled faster than ever before to get out of hearing distance of Austin's wails, which were sure to come when Mr. Gollaher applied the switch.

Abe was heart-broken because his wonderful friend was to be so severely chastised and because he could not get the squirrel for his mother. With tears in his big blue eyes he sat by his mother's bed and told her of Jim's death, saying, "Mother, just as soon as Austin gets over the whipping we will go to the woods and get you a young squirrel."

Three or four times that morning Abraham and Honey approached the Gollaher cabin before they could summon up courage enough to venture in. When at last Abraham peeked tremblingly through the open door he was met with a smile from Mrs. Gollaher, who assured him that all was well. Austin did not get a whipping because his father, before applying the hickory, had gone to the stable to investigate more closely into Jim's death. Upon his return to the house he announced that the mule had not eaten a mouthful of the green corn. So Abraham, Austin and Honey went into the woods, all three very happy, determined to find a young squirrel for Abraham's mother.

By J. Rogers Gore

ALL day long "Honey," Abraham's dog, sat upon his haunches at the end of a split log bench in a little school house at the foot of a hill where Abraham attended his first school. It was mid-summer, the crops had been laid by and now the children

were given an opportunity to begin learning their three R's. Zachariah Riney, an itinerant teacher, had spent a month traveling over the country organizing the school, and the settlers had hurriedly erected a log school house upon a knoll close to the banks of the

Abraham, The School and Old Terror the Wolf

A Story of His
Childhood by
J. ROGERS GORE,
Author of "The
Boyhood of
Abraham Lincoln"

(Copyrighted)

crystal little Knob Creek.

"It is a fine school house," said Abraham to Austin, "and I hope you have made up your mind to go to school and try to learn something. If you could once learn your letters you would have a heap of fun writing in the sand."

"I'd lots rather hunt squirrels with 'Honey' than go to school," Austin replied; "I don't see what good it will do me to know how to spell dog, cat and hen, and always be writing in the sand. Squirrels are good to eat and you don't get any vittles from knowing how to read and write," concluded the obstinate Austin.

"I'm mighty sorry you don't want to learn," rejoined Abraham. "If you would learn just a little bit you might then want to learn more and some day you could preach the gospel or you might get to be the Justice of the Peace."

"Then, for your sake I'll start into school," promised Austin, "but I don't think I'm going to spend much of my time down there in

THE author of the story, "Abraham, the School and Old Terror the Wolf," was born and brought up in Hodgenville, La Rue County, Kentucky, within four miles of the place where Abraham Lincoln lived until he was about eight years old. Austin Gollaher was Lincoln's boyhood companion. In the hill country Abraham and Austin played together for five years, or until Abraham's father and mother and sister Sarah moved to Indiana. The two pioneer boys were together every day in the wilderness, and often at night, too, for their cabin homes were very close together, on top of a pretty hill.

Austin Gollaher lived to be a very old man. Nearly all of his life was spent in the same cabin on the same hill where he and Abraham played. When the author of this story was a boy he often went to see Austin Gollaher, who was then a very old man. He was a rough old pioneer, but he was a good Christian, and he loved boys.

Under the same trees where he and Abraham played he related to Mr. Gore stories of his and Lincoln's child lives as they spent them in the Kentucky wilderness. The reminiscence printed here is in substance as Austin Gollaher related it more than thirty years ago. It is dramatized in order to construct it with more realism.

that little log school house with old Mr. Riney trying to get ABC's into my head."

Abraham was decidedly the smartest boy in school because he had been studious for

many months, he having been taught by Mrs. Sarah Hodgen, the miller's mother, to spell a number of simple words, and to write "cat," "dog" and "hen."

"Why do you let the boys 'hook' your dinner?" inquired Austin one evening, as he and Abraham were returning home from the day's session at school. "Why don't you find out who steals your pie and hunk of corn bread and give them a good whipping? I dare any of them to try to steal my dinner," boasted Austin in a threatening manner.

"Maybe a wild cat slipped into the school house and stole my dinner while 'Honey' and I were at recess," suggested Abraham; "maybe the boys didn't steal it. Don't you know, Austin, we have no right to accuse people of stealing until we are mighty certain they did it? Don't you remember the time they tried 'Old Human, the Thief' down at Mr. Hodgen's mill, that some of the men wanted to take him into the woods and whip him, and Mr. Hodgen wouldn't let them because he didn't believe that the—the—what do you call it—"

"Proof! Mr. Hodgen called it," prompted Austin, clapping his hands.

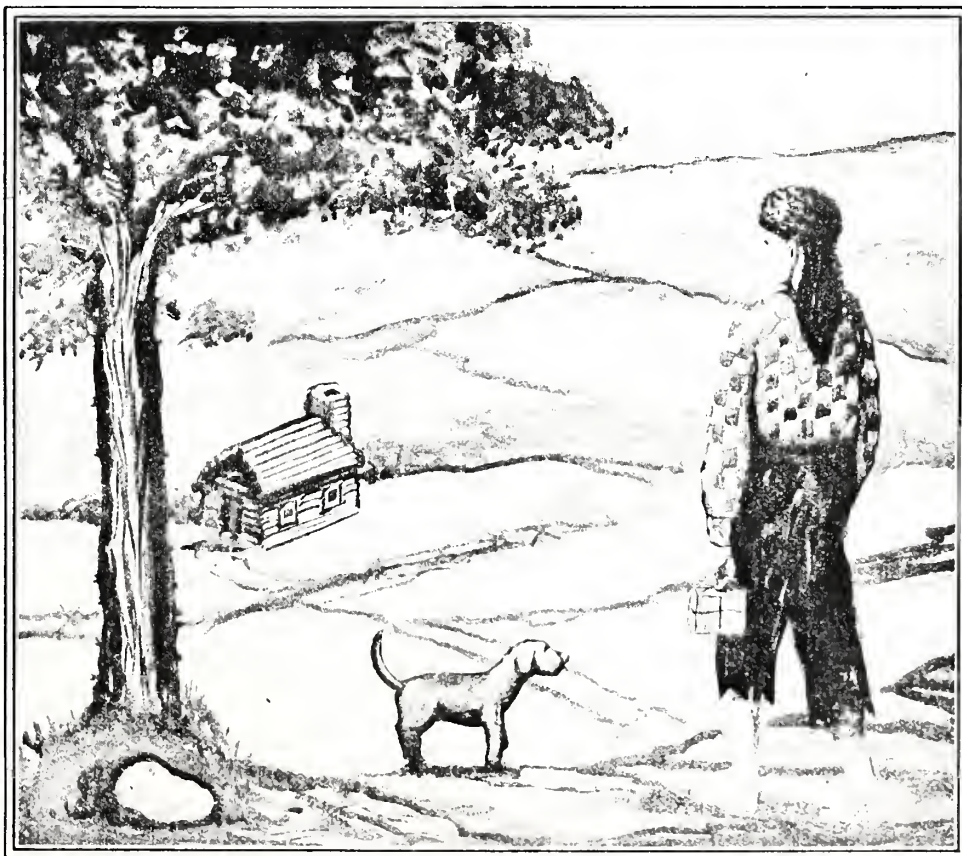
"That's it," said Abraham. "You remember Mr. Hodgen said the proof was not strong enough, but when Mr. Joel Walters told Mr. Hodgen that he had almost caught 'Old Human' stealing a sheep skin, then Mr. Hodgen said 'Old Human' was guilty and that he should be punished."

"No, sir!" continued Abraham, emphatically, "it's not right to accuse boys of stealing until we catch them with things they have stolen."

"Well," Austin began rather sarcastically, "I'll bet you that if you'll mash up a green May apple and put some of it in your peach pie tomorrow you will soon see a sick boy in the school house."

"I'm not going to do that," asserted Abraham, "because green May apple is mighty poisonous and you ought to know I don't want to make any of the boys sick."

"All right then," argued Austin, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll just tie 'Honey'



to the bench and leave him there during the recess hour, then if that thief comes around 'Honey' will just naturally tear him to pieces."

"I won't do that; we want 'Honey' to play with us at recess, so I'll just carry my dinner in my coon skin cap while we are out at play." But Abraham forgot to do that the next day and when he came in from recess his dinner had again been stolen.

Now, Austin was a fine pioneer boy but he did love to fight. He was just boiling over with rage and right out in the open school he told the teacher that Abraham's dinner had been stolen every day for three days, and announced that he would whip the boy who committed the theft if he could find out who did it. The teacher chastised Austin for his anger and was apparently preparing to whip him but Abraham, in his kind and pleasing way, told the teacher how much he thought of Austin and what a good boy he was, saying, "Please, Mr. Riney, don't whip him; he won't talk out in school any more."

When school was out that afternoon a large burly boy, by the name of Carl Evans, came up to Austin and announced that he had stolen Abraham's dinner and wanted to know what Austin was going to do about it. Of course, this happened after the teacher had gone in another direction and while a half dozen of the boys were loitering around a little spring near the school house. They were all greatly surprised when the mild mannered and quiet Abraham came up to Austin and the antagonist and said, "Now, Austin, I will do my own fighting. If Carl Evans stole my dinner I will whip him myself."

Carl was just as much surprised as any of the boys but he was very uppish and defiantly said, "Yes, I 'hooked' your dinner every day." Calling Abraham by his nickname, which was "High," he said: "High, what are you going to do about it? I guess you are going to try to whip me."

Abraham's kind blue eyes flashed and without a word he sprung upon the Evans boy, winding his long legs around the young ruffian. Over and over they rolled. All the while the Evans boy was shouting and sometimes cursing. The other boys were clapping their hands and urging the antagonists to continue the fight until one or the other was soundly whipped. Not once did Abraham attempt to strike Carl but he was giving him a good wallowing. Finally he rolled Carl over into the spring and ducked him until he strangled, then Abraham pulled him out of the water and stepped aside to await further action upon the part of his enemy.

"Oh! Abraham!" whined Carl, "I'm mighty sorry I stole your dinner and I promise never to do it again."

While the fight was in progress "Honey," of course, was very much excited and several times tried to help Abraham but Austin always grabbed him and pulled him away.

The next morning when the teacher heard of the fight he held court out under

and that he had stolen Abraham's dinner, he exonerated the latter and said: "Now, it is my duty to give Carl a good whipping."

Greatly to the surprise of every boy and girl in school Abraham openly insisted that Carl not be whipped, saying to the teacher, "I know he will never be a bad boy again."

One morning little Susie Enlow came to school in a high state of excitement. She lived a mile away from the school house and said that while she was on her way to school that morning a large wolf had crossed the path in front of her, barking and yelping frightfully.

A wolf had been in the neighborhood for a long time and had been killing many sheep and often small hogs. The settlers had made frequent attempts to capture the wolf but had failed. The wolf was called "Old Terror" and his depredations were of nightly occurrence.

That afternoon Susie was afraid to go home alone, so Abraham, Austin and "Honey" went with her. On their way back, as they were passing through the dark woods, "Honey" gave a terrific yelp, and with a long leap circled among the high trees to the foot of the hill. Abraham and Austin saw him as he ascended a long slope across a little valley and they also saw "Old Terror" running with all his might. Abraham called "H-o-n-e-y" repeatedly but the determined "Honey" paid no attention to his young master's command.

Supper time was over and still "Honey" had not returned and both Abraham and Austin were very apprehensive lest he had been killed by "Old Terror." Abraham stayed up late that evening and at intervals, from the brow of the hill called, "H-e-r-e H-o-n-e-y! H-e-r-e H-o-n-e-y!" His strong young voice was heard by many of the settlers and they knew that Abraham was in distress.

hill panting, and just below his right eye was a long cut which had been bleeding. Evidently, he had had a terrific fight with "Old Terror."

When the story of "Old Terror's" and "Honey's" fight was announced in the school that morning consternation was created among the children.

The next morning, to the surprise of Mr. Riney, no one was present except Abraham, Austin and "Honey." The children had all refused to go to school. From that time on they were accompanied by some older member of the family and those who did not have older persons to accompany them did not attend school. Of course, the settlers searched high and low over the hills and through the valleys for "Old Terror" but he was a sly old wolf and always managed to find a safe hiding place.

"What was that I heard?" asked Austin one afternoon as he and Abraham were lolling beneath a large elm tree which stood upon a high hill, around which circled the county road.

"What was that I heard?" repeated Austin.

"I'm sure it was 'Old Terror,' the wolf," answered Abraham, "and it sounded just like he was as mad as he could be."

"Honey's" ears were standing out straight and the black hair upon his back was bristling but before he could spring away Abraham had grabbed him around the neck and was begging him not to give chase that afternoon.

"I don't want 'Honey' to chase 'Old Terror' any more," Abraham said, as he stood looking away toward the blue hills. "I am afraid, Austin, that 'Old Terror' will get the best of 'Honey' some of these times and I don't want to lose him."

"I'll bet you he'll never kill 'Honey,'" said the optimistic Austin. "Just as sure as

AUSTIN GOLLAHER loved to fish and he spent many hours on the banks of Knob Creek, with hook and line. "Abe enjoyed the sport a few times each season," said

Lincoln and the Wildcat

(Copyrighted)

Mr. Gollaher, the man, "but he soon tired and could not be persuaded to go again until he 'caught the fishing fever'."

"After Abe would get his fill of fishing

he would turn to other ways of amusing himself," related Mr. Gollaher. "I have seen him sit for an hour and look into one of Knob Creek's clear pools, when it seemed to me he could just as easily have been fishing, and I said to him one day: 'You'd just as well be fishing as to be sitting there looking into the water; why didn't you bring your line along?' He gave me a very characteristic answer: 'I don't want to fish because I don't want to keep looking for nibbles.' That was enough. I knew Abe wanted to look upon other things—things which I could not see had I looked ever so intently. He saw something pretty in the rocks and in the ripples of Knob Creek that I could not see; he saw more of grandeur in the forest, and more of beauty in the wild rose—more of everything worthwhile than I could see. I once saw him toying with a twig of oak leaves—examining them closely and he said to me: 'Austin, if I didn't have eyes to see these things I would rather be one of the leaves; then when winter comes I would die.'"

When Abe and Austin went fishing, or into the woods, Austin carried a rifle. He was a "good shot," having been taught by his father and other woodsmen, the art of using the rifle in a deadly way.

In the early spring, when the fisherman's heart and mind turned to the various deep holes along the river's course, Abe and Austin made elaborate preparations for a few after-

noons up and down Knob Creek. "Abe usually had a degree or so of fishing fever in the spring," Mr. Gollaher said.

The chief difficulty with Abe and Austin was in getting the lines and hooks; but their fathers usually swapped a few fox pelts with the merchants at Elizabethtown, a nearby pioneer hamlet, for this necessary equipment, and each presented his son with a line and a few hooks.

It was "all-fool's day." The sun was warmly beaming. The closing days of March had been balmy and bright, and the world about Abe and Austin was just to their liking. Especially was Austin pleased with weather conditions. Those warm, dry periods in early spring wreathed the face of every fisherman with smiles, and Austin was very happy.

The two boys were off for the creek. They were nearing the fishing hole when Abe discovered that Austin had forgotten his rifle.

"Let's go back and get it," said Abe.

"Let's go without it," urged Austin. "We won't need it."

"Well, I wish you had brought it; wild animals are awfully hungry in the spring, and we might need it."

"I am not afraid," rejoined Austin in a spirit of bravado, "but we will go back and fetch it along anyhow."

Abe and Austin had been having great luck; both were highly interested. Abe had even entered into the sport with more than his usual interest, and once or twice had displayed a little animation over a good catch. They were delighted many times that afternoon to see the corks dance for a moment and then go under. Such good luck causes the fisherman to keep his eyes intently upon the water—to forget his surroundings.

A wildcat crept stealthily from a large oak tree against which Abe was sitting, making his way out upon a long, low limb hanging over the creek, directly above Abe. "Looking at that cat through my boy eyes it seemed three times as large as it really was," said Mr. Gollaher. It squatted, ready to spring upon Abe. The backwoodsman's "sixth sense" flashed "wild cat" to Austin's keen mind. And with one movement he shot the

cat squarely between the eyes and it usually had a degree or so of fishing fever in the spring," Mr. Gollaher said.

Abe didn't know what had happened until he heard the gun's report and saw the beast in the river.

There was no more fishing that day.

"Austin," said Abe, "I'm glad we went back after the gun."

"So am I; because if we hadn't you'd have been scratched up a heap; the wildcat might have scratched your eyes out, or killed you. He was in the hollow tree when we came here, and he couldn't get out and that made him mighty mad," Austin said excitedly. "And maybe he hadn't had anything to eat for about a week, and thought he could get a bite off one of your ears for his supper."

"I felt like something might happen because this is 'all fools' day'," said Abe, "and that's the reason I wanted you to bring the rifle along."

"Now, Abe, do you believe it's all right to kill wildcats?" Austin laughingly asked.

"Yes, it's all right to kill any kind of an animal that gets mad and wants to fight you, and I'm glad you killed that cat, too. I'm mighty glad you could shoot straight today," Abe replied. "I don't think it's wrong to kill wildcats, but I do think it is wrong to kill harmless things that don't bother people," he concluded.

February 12, 1927.

How Abraham Lincoln Founded a Church

When Abraham Lincoln was a boy he took corn to Hodgen's Mill, Kentucky, to be ground into meal. Here he met Mrs. Sarah Hodgen, the miller's mother, and between the two there grew up a strong friendship. Mrs. Hodgen, or "Mrs. Sarah," as Lincoln called her, did much toward teaching the boy to read. She often presented him with clothes, and naturally Abraham became very fond of her.

It was one of Mrs. Sarah's fondest ambitions to have a little church where the settlers could hold their religious services. One night when the boy Abraham was visiting at the Hodgen's he rose from his trundle bed, and stood in the cabin doorway, looking out into the moonlit forest. The story of what followed is told by J. Rogers Gore, in his book on the boyhood of Lincoln.

"Down there in the grove would be a good place to build the church," he whispered to himself. Mrs. Hodgen came over to where he was standing to ask what was the matter and why he had not gone to sleep. The lad told her that before he slept he wanted to make her a promise.

"I will cut down down some trees and trim the logs myself for the church you want to build," he said.

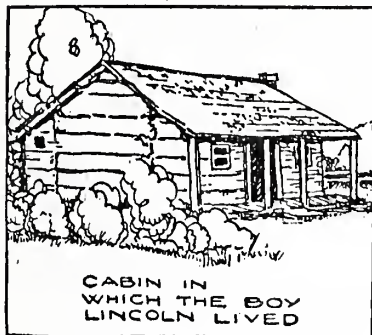
Mrs. Hodgen thanked the little fellow warmly, and told him that in the morning they would get the miller to enlist the aid of some men of the neighborhood. True to her word, Mrs. Sarah not only received the promise of help from her son, but also from other men who came to the little mill with grain to be ground. She told them of the words of the little lad, "Abe" Lincoln, saying that if he could do so much, they ought to be willing to follow his example. Thus it was that Abraham Lincoln was in reality the founder of the first church in Hodgenville.

When the first four logs for the church were finished, Mrs. Sarah gave the boys a big "spread of blackberry jam on corn bread." In common with most boys Abraham Lincoln had a healthy appetite, so he probably felt well repaid for his pains.—*Nancy Haskell, in Queen's Gardens.*

Rough Trail of Pioneers to History

Tom Lincoln was looking for a woman to travel through life with, for better or worse. He visited at the place of Christopher Bush, a hard-working farmer who came from German parents and had raised a family of sons with muscle.

Also there were two daughters with muscle and with shining faces and



CABIN IN
WHICH THE BOY
LINCOLN LIVED

steady eyes. Tom Lincoln passed by Hannah and gave his best jokes to Sarah Bush. But it happened that Sarah Bush wanted Daniel Johnson for a husband and he wanted her.

Another woman Tom's eyes fell on was a brunette sometimes called Nancy Hanks because she was a daughter of Lucy Hanks, and sometimes called Nancy Sparrow because she was an adopted daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow and lived with the Sparrow family.

Lucy Hanks had welcomed her child Nancy into life in Virginia in 1784 and had traveled the Wilderness road carrying what was to her a precious bundle through Cumberland gap into Kentucky.

Sad With Sorrows.

Tom Lincoln had seen this particular Nancy Hanks (there were several other Nancy Hankses in Hardin county) and noticed she was shrewd and dark and lonesome. . . . Her dark skin, dark brown hair, keen little gray eyes, outstanding forehead, somewhat accented shin and cheekbones, body of slender build, weighing about 130 pounds—these formed the outward shape of a woman carrying something strange and cherished along her ways of life. She was sad with sorrows like dark stars in blue mist. . . .

The day came when Thomas Lincoln signed a bond with his friend, Richard Berry, in the courthouse at Springfield, in Washington county, over near where his brother, Mordecai, was farming and the bond gave notice: "There is a marriage shortly intended between Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks." It was June 10, 1806. Two days later, at Richard Berry's place, Beechland, a man twenty-eight years old and a woman twenty-three years old came before Rev. Jesse Head, who later gave the county clerk the names of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, as having been "joined together in the holy estate of matrimony agreeable to the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church." . . .

Carried Off His Bride.

The new husband put his June bride on his horse and they rode away on the red clay road along the timber trails to Elizabethtown. Their new home was in a cabin close to the courthouse. Tom worked at the carpenter's trade, made cabinets, door frames, window sash and coffins. A daughter was born and they named her Sarah. . . .

The same year saw the Lincolns moved to a place on the Big South fork of Nolin's creek, about two and a half miles from Hodgenville. They were trying to farm a little piece of ground and make a home. The house they lived in was a cabin of logs cut from the timber near by.

One morning in February of this year, 1809, Tom Lincoln came out of his cabin to the road, stopped a neighbor and asked him to tell "the granny woman," Aunt Peggy Walters, that Nancy would need help soon.

Lincoln's Birth.

On the morning of February 12, a

Sunday, the granny woman was there at the cabin. And she and Tom Lincoln and the moaning Nancy Hanks welcomed into a world of battle and blood, of whispering dreams and wistful dust, a new child, a boy.

A little later that morning Tom Lincoln threw some extra wood on the fire, and an extra bearskin over the mother, went out of the cabin, and walked two miles up the road to where the Sparrows, Tom and Betsy, lived. Dennis Hanks, the nine-year-old boy adopted by the Sparrows, met Tom at the door.

In his slow way of talking—he was a slow and quiet man—Tom Lincoln told them, "Nancy's got a boy baby." A half-sheepish look was in his eyes, as though maybe more babies were not wanted in Kentucky just then.

The boy, Dennis Hanks, took to his feet down the road to the Lincoln cabin. There he saw Nancy Hanks on a bed of poles cleated to a corner of the cabin, under a large, warm bearskin.

She turned her dark head from looking at the baby to look at Dennis and threw him a tired, white smile from her mouth and gray eyes. He stood by the bed, his eyes wide open, watching the even, quiet breaths, of this fresh, soft red baby.

"What you goin' to name him, Nancy?" the boy asked.

"Abraham," was the answer, "after his grandfather."

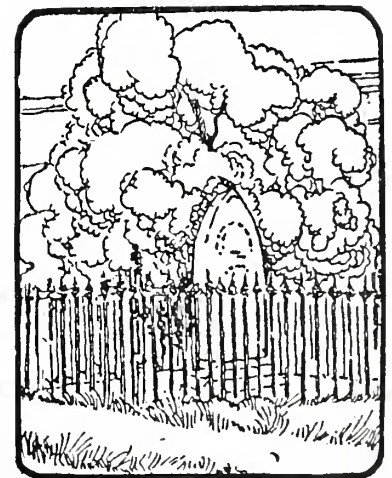
Little Dennis' Prediction.

Little Dennis rolled up in a bearskin and slept by the fireplace that night. He listened for the crying of the newborn child once in the night and the feet of the father moving on the dirt floor to help the mother and the little one. In the morning he took a long look at the baby and said to himself. "Its skin looks just like red cherry pulp squeezed dry, in wrinkles."

And Dennis swung the baby back and forth, keeping up a chatter about how tickled he was to have a new cousin to play with. The baby screwed up the muscles of its face and began crying with no let-up.

Dennis turned to Betsy Sparrow, handed her the baby and said to her. "Aunt, take him! He'll never come to much."

So came the birth of Abraham Lincoln that twelfth day of February in the year 1809—in silence and pain from a wilderness mother on a bed of corn husks and bearskins—with an



GRAVE OF NANCY
HANKS LINCOLN

early laughing child prophecy he would never come to much.

And though he was born in a house with only one door and one window, it was written he would come to know many doors, many windows; he would read many riddles and doors and windows.—From "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years," by Carl Sandburg.

